The Weekly Museum.

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[Inserted by particular desire.]

MASONIC ADDRESS,

Delivered by brother GEORGE RICHARDS, before St. Andrew's Lodge, Dec. 27, 5794.

VENERABLE! RESPECTED! BELOVED!

IT is inscribed on the pillars of MASONRY, *that a brother's sufferings claims a brother's pity.* It is graven as with the pen of a diamond on the tablet of SOLOMON the *Great, that a brother's feelings merit the relief of sympathy.* Believing of a truth, that Heaven-born Charity hath already prepared the mantle of fraternal love; that Masonic benevolence delighteth to *veil* the imperfections of kindred humanity; and fully persuaded that a brother *in the midst of all his brethren,* hath nothing to fear from the spirit of disingenuous criticism, whose maledictions were never heard in the *Temple of Concord*; it needeth not *the pen of the ready Writer,* nor *the tongue of the eloquent Orator,* to interest the generous affections on his behalf whom the venerable Master, respected Officers,and beloved Brethren of St. *Andrew's* Lodge, have kindly requested to be present with them on this day, the day of gladness, rejoicing and high solemnity, in which, as *good men, faithful and true,* the fraternity are annually assembled, to commemmorate the virtues of a *most sublime Co-worker,* with the duly honored, dear, departed *patron* of your sacred institution; a Patron and Founder, who, long since, hath been admitted to the *ineffable degrees of Life, of Light and of Love*; and forever abideth, together with his *companion* ST. JOHN, in the *centre of the regular constituted encampment of the* ROYAL ARCH *celestial.*

The animated piety of a BROCKWELL, the refined elegance of a BENTLEY, and the fervent pathos of a WALTER; the genius of a KEITH; the knowledge of a WARREN, and the talents of a BARTLET; the nervous diction of a GORE, the Athenian polish of a MORTON, and the classical purity of an ELIOT, preclude every hope of excellence. The *Cherubim* of *Virtue* hath *touched the lips of these Masters in Israel,* with a *living coal from the altar of Science. As burning and as shining lights in the golden candlestick of the East, giving of light to all that are in the house,*—may they illuminate the path of the *wayfaring brother, who tarrieth but for a moment,* and point him forward to *the morn that shall be without a cloud,* the harbinger of more *perfect day.*

" Masonry, saith a well-informed scribe, passes and is understood under two different denominations. It is *operative* and *speculative* By the former we alude to the useful rules of architecture, whence a structure derives figure, strength and beauty, and whence result a just correspondence and due proportion of all its parts. By the latter we learn to subdue the passions, act upon the *square,* keep a tongue of good report, maintain secrecy and practice charity.

The grand *outlines* of *operative Masonry* were primarily described by the *compass* of the SUPREME ARCHITECT on the *trestel board* of EDEN. In *this mansion not made with hands,* our great progenitor studied the *designs* of the *High,* the *Holy, Reverend, most Adorable* GRAND MASTER of *Heaven* and of *Earth*: and previous to his departure from the bowers of Paradise, the august fire of all living, became intimately acquainted with the principles of *solidity* and *convenience*: A very ancient record asserts his attention to the dissemination of useful knowledge; for although as Masons, we affirm constantly, that he confided the *mystery within the Vail,* to ABEL alone, yet, it cannot be denied, that even the wretched fratricide was taught the theory of building, and afterwards founded *a city on the East* of his father's early abode. Nine hundred and thirty years did the *lamp* of ADAM burn bright before his numerous offspring, and so rapid were the improvements in science, that elegant arts and useful inventions characterised the seventh generation.—From this period, the dawn of the offspring of refinement, luxury and dissipation moved on in front; prophanity and vice followed hard on their rear; and the *sons of God* forgetting their exalted origin, or *despising their heavenly birth right,* led on the *fair daughters of men* to the secret chambers of voluptuous pleasure. *By them the whole earth was filled with the violence* of moral evil. *All flesh became* impiously *corrupt,* and a desolating flood swept them away, as with the *besom of destruction.*

Where now, are those monuments of art, the *handy craft* of *masterly* genius, by which, *operative masonry,* adorned and embellished the Antideluvian world?—The *rain descended, the winds blew, the floods came, they beat vehemently upon that house, it hath fallen, and its fall was great*; the waters of oblivion have passed over its foundation, and *the place which once knew it shall know it no more* again forever. One, solitary *column,* the *pillar* of ENOCH, in the land of *Siriad,* resting on its own *base,* immoveable, bade the billows of the mighty deep unheeded roll. The deluge passed forward; it was left behind—But time has effected, what the floodgates of ocean failed to accomplish; its base has been overturned from its centre and the *top stone* of its antique capital is mouldered into dust. Verily, verily the *fellow-labourers* of the antient globe, laboured not to subdue the passions; their conduct through life was not formed by the *square*; they kept not their *tongue* as the *key* of the *heart,* and the WIDOW'S SON was forgotten in the midst of their assemblies.

My Brethren! The winged emblem of innocence hath returned to the ark. An *olive branch* in the *mouth* of a *dove,* is the *sign* of established *peace.*—The *rain from on high is restrained.*—The *windows of the heavens are opened no more.*—Nevertheless, be ye assured for certainty, that every effort of *operative Masonry,* to *build a city and a tower,* must fail of success, if PIETY and LOVE mark not the *wisdom* of the *builder,* and the *strength* of the *building.* This *making to ourselves a name,* that we may *live,* whilst we are *dead,* is the toil of *vanity,* which inheriteth *vexation of spirit.*—The OMNIPOTENT MASTER of the Universe hath determined to scatter these *foolish workmen* abroad; and the *line of confusion* shall be stretched around them, whether they *find a place in the land of Shinar,* inhabit the vale of *Zeredathah,* or dwell on the *pinnacle of mount Moriah,*

It is SPECULATIVE MASONRY reduced to vital practice, which constitutes the *glory of the latter house.*—This *second temple are we*: And a *greater than Solomon,* even the *High Priest of the golden altar* hath left unto his *Brethren,* a solemn, an animated charge: *In the volume of the book it is written, as with the finger of Deity.*

VENERABLE! Respected! and Beloved! The first obligation of Masonry, is, *thou shalt love the the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, with all thy mind and with all thy strength*; and the *second* is *like unto it, thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.*—The *love* of GOD and the *love* of *Man,* form those grand *pillars* of the *composite order,* uniting of Earth to Heaven, and of Heaven to Earth, whose *corner stones* are laid in time, whose *top stones* shall be brought forth in eternity, amid the *noon tide shouting* of the *first born sons* of immortality. These durable *columns* support the *whole building, which fitly framed, in symmetry and order, in harmony and beauty, groweth unto an holy temple,* inscribed to the *Father of Lights*: Amid "*the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds,*" they shall lift aloft their *crowned capitals* to the sky, and *founded on the rock* of everlasting ages, the *rains may descend, the floods come and the winds blow*—the war of elements is but in vain, they cannot fall. Happy thrice happy is the *brother and companian,* who *feeleth these pillars whereupon the house standeth,* nor feeleth them like SAMSON, in the moment of death alone. Is it not yet a very little while, and *the Heavens that now are shall suddenly pass away, and the earth be utterly dissolved? What manner of persons ought ye then to be,* in fervent piety towards God, and in ardent love unto Man? To venerate, love and obey the *giver of every perfect gift,* constitutes your reasonable service as Men, as Masons, and as Christians.—To love Man, the *express image of his Maker, and the brightness of the divine glory, not in word only, but in deed and in truth,* is the sole criterion of your being *good men, faithful and true.* Suffer me therefore, with all the warmth of brotherly affection, most earnestly to intreat every *Apprentice bound to the Noachidæ,* that he *walks worthy of the vocation wherunto he has been called,* for it is the high, it is the holy *vocation of glory and of virtue*: And beside this, let the *fellow craft working with* HIRAM *el Abiff, give all diligence to add unto his knowledge, temperance, patience, goodness, brotherly kindness,* and *that charity,* which is the *brightest gem* in the *breast-plate* of the *Masonic Ephod*; whilst the *light* of the MASTER, *so shineth before men, that they beholding his good works, may glorify the Sun of Righteousness, the centre of the System.*

VENERABLE! Respect and Beloved! A *word to the wise* is more than sufficient. Such indeed are ye, the sons of Wisdom and the Children of the Day. It now remaineth, that I bid unto this Assembly, a most affectionate, pathetic and heart-felt farewell. My fathers! *the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof*; my *Brethren,* my *companions, co-workers* and *fellow-labourers,* forever fare ye well.

OURSELVES.

I Lay it down, Mr. Printer, as a maxim, that every man is pleaſed with himſelf, and ſees deformity and uglineſs only in others, who repay him the compliment in exactly the ſame coin. The TALL MEN thank their ſtars that they are not ſhort, and likely to be loſt in a crowd.—The SHORT MEN are happy that they can eſcape many thumps on the head by entering doors of contracted dimenſions, and that they are in no danger of ſpoiling their head dreſs by coming incontact with the roof of a coach. The FAT MAN thinks there is ſomething jolly and ſleek, and corporation-like in his frame; while the LIVING SKELETON would not carry about ſuch an unwieldly protuberance for the world. The FAT MAN tells the THIN ONE, that he is a walking-ſtick, a ramrod for a cannon, and may be blown away by the gentleſt zephyr. The LEAN ONE retorts that Mr. TUNBELLY is a mere animated hogſhead, a larder well repleniſhed for the worms, and laughs to ſee with what difficulty he gets through a crowd, or clears the poſteſſes in the fields.

UGLY PEOPLE are remarkably well pleaſed with themſelves. He that has a face that would be dangerous for a pregnant woman to look at, thanks God he is not marked with the ſmall pox. Another, whoſe face is carved and furrowed and marked like a country map, is exceedingly happy that he has not the noſe of ſuch a one, which is only fit to be the index of a ſun-dial. The HANDSOME MAN, I need ſcarcely remark, is wonderfully pleaſed with his fine form; while little HUMP-BACK and BANDY-LEG, praiſes the Lord that he has eſcaped the imputation of being a fortune-hunter.

Young and old are equally pleaſed. The young pride themſelves in health, agility, activity, and all the pleaſing hopes peculiar to that time of life. The gentleman who has paſſed his grand climacteric, bids every body remark, how well he becomes his years; aſks if they ever knew ſo healthy looking an old man; and in all his ſtories, adds ten or a dozen years to his age. Before a certain time of life we wiſh to conceal our age. After ſixty, we are fond of revealing it and giving ourſelves credit for a few more years. A maiden aunt of mine was ſo pleaſed at having ſurvived the laſt great froſt in her ſixty-fifth year, that ſhe has lived fifteen years more ſince, and if ſhe eſcapes the preſent hot and ſultry weather, intends next ſpring to make a daſh at ninety-ſeven—and bids me attend to the circumſtance in caſe I ſhould ſurvive her—but, between ourſelves, Mr. Printer, I think it is a curſed ſin to tell a lie upon the plate of a coffin. If ſhe will oblige me by dying next year, and will be content with ſeventy-two or three, well and good; if not——I ſay no more.

Then, Sir, why all this grumbling and growling about our ſituations? Every man, I repeat it, is pleaſed with his own. Nay, we even glory in our diſeaſes. No man but thinks his gout a more dignified and reſpectable diſorder than the rheumatiſm; and the poſſeſſor of a cough is as well pleaſed as any man, becauſe it ſubjects him to a number of kind enquiries.

I ſhall conclude with a ſhort ſtory. A highwayman and a chimney-ſweep were going to be hanged at the ſame time; when they came to the place of execution, the highwayman puſhed ſooterkin out of the way, and bid him keep his diſtance; ſooterkin, with proper ſpirit, replied—"D—m me, if I do—I have as good a right to be here as you.

I am, Sir,

SELF-SATISFIED.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

EPITAPH.

WAS lately interred
Amidſt the univerſal lamentation
Of all well-wiſhers to *female elegance & ſimplicity*,
That *ſterling* neatneſs and decorum,
So truly conſpicuous,
In their former decorations
Externally.

—

In the Tomb,
Of this ever to be lamented
And reſpected perſonage,
Suffered a temporal diſſolution, the hopes
Of all ſuch, as were not infatuated,
And borne away
From their true courſe,
By that flimſy gewgaw, and inſignificant,
Not to ſay *licentious faſhion*
OF HIGH WAISTS.

—

It is ſuppoſed,
That, that part of the Body female,
The original, and natural poſition, for the embraces
Of the Idalæan Girdle;
Having, (thro' ſome lamentable *faux pas*)
Taken *offence* at a neighbouring *prominence*,
Was, in the courſe of *nature*,
Driven from its primeval track,
And *centered*,
O! TEMPORA! O! MORES!
In the NECK!!!

—

To the execration!
Of all thoſe, who are not blinded
With ſuch a boundleſs confidence in the fair Sex,
As to give a tacit, or unexamined aſſent,
To their fantaſies,
The moſt *prepoſterous*, and *eccentric*;
The infatuation,
To which this alludes,
Is recommended.

—

As alſo to theirs,
In whoſe eſtimation,
A *Log*, a *Stone*, a *Stock*, or any other
Such mis-ſhapen, and inanimate ſubſtance,
Is neither, ſo pleaſant to the eye,
Externally,
Nor is it
In any compariſon, ſo grateful
To the ſenſes,
As a well-dreſſed Female, in her proper ſhape;
Without the aſſiſtance
Of a fantaſtic decoration,
Mis-ſhapen
At beſt, and if poſſible much worſe
Miſplaced.

—

It has incurred,
And while it remains in its preſent ſtate,
Will never fail to draw down upon it
The pointed and unſparing ſhafts,
Of the moſt envenomed ridicule!
Which can iſſue,
From the *too juſtly* irritated pen
Of a
SATIRIST.

EPIGRAM.

SAYS Jack to his girl, was e'er ſuch a taſte
Diſplay'd in this world of conceit;
What *once* was the *neck*, is *now termed* the *waiſt!!!*
Which will likely be ſoon at the feet!
You dolt! anſwers Poll, don't you know what's the reaſon?
Why ſure you're an ignorant ſpark;
'Tis becauſe they dont chuſe *to tell tales out of ſeaſon*,
But always keep SLIPS in the dark!!!

June 23, 1795. PETER PINDAR, JUN.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MISS E——R S——H.

BRIGHT as the Sun whoſe gliſtning beam,
Diſpels the vap'ry miſts of night,
Sparkles in the lucid ſtream,
And cheers the ſoul with heav'nly light.

Fair as the flower in full bloom,
Which ſpreads its beauties in the vale,
Whoſe fragrance and whoſe ſweet perfume,
Is wafted on each paſſing gale.

Pleaſing as theſe, more pleaſing too.
Is Eleanor, fair beauty's queen,
What graces doth her features ſhew,
And in her form what charms are ſeen.

In her combine the blooming roſe,
And Sol in all his brighteſt glare,
Here beauty ſhines, here virtue glows,
And add new graces to the fair. M.

THE SAILOR.

AN ELEGY.

THE Sailor ſighs, as ſinks his native ſhore,
As all its leſſening turrets bluely fade;
He climbs the maſt to feaſt his eyes once more,
And buſy fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now each dear domeſtic ſcene he knew,
Recall'd and cheriſh'd in a foreign clime,
Charms with the magic of a moonlight-view,
Its colours mellow'd, not impair'd, by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
Thro' all the horrors of a ſtormy main;
This, the laſt wiſh with which its warmth could part,
To meet the ſmile of her he loves again.

When morn firſt faintly draws her ſilver line,
O'er eve's grey cloud deſcends to drink the wave;
When ſea and ſky in midnight darkneſs join,
Still, ſtill he views the parting look ſhe gave.

Her gentle ſpirit, lightly hovering o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to pole;
And, when the beating billows round him roar,
Whiſpers ſweet hope to ſooth his troubled ſoul.

Carv'd is her name in many ſpicy grove,
In many a plantain foreſt, waving wide;
Where duſky youths in painted plumage rove,
And giant-palms o'er arch the yellow tide.

But lo, at laſt he comes with crowded ſail!
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend!
And hark, what mingled murmurs ſwell the gale!
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe herſelf! ſhe waves her hand!
Soon is the anchor caſt, the canvas furl'd;
Soon thro' the whitening ſurge he ſprings to land,
And claſps the maid, he fingled from the world.

ANECDOTE.

A Parſimonious Juſtice of the Peace, being caught in a violent ſhower, took a coach, and told the coachman were to drive to. On his way home he formed a plan to elude the payment of the fare. When the coach ſtopped at his door he demanded of Jehu what his fare was? "Eighteen pence, ſir." "That is more than you are allowed by law, and I will not pay it unleſs you'll ſwear it is your fare, and no more." "That I will," ſaid the coachman. "Well, (replied his worſhip) I am a Juſtice," and immediately tendering the oath, the coachman proved the truth of his aſſertion. "Well, well, I believe you are an honeſt man and I will pay you your demand." When taking ſix-pence from his purſe, ſaid here is ſix-pence, and a ſhilling for your depoſition makes eighteen pence"—ſtept into his houſe and ſhut the door, leaving the cajoled coachman to curſe him at his leiſure.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27.

From the Gazette of the United States, of Thurſday Evening, obligingly handed to us by a friend late laſt evening :—

The TREATY of AMITY, COMMERCE, and NAVIGATION, between Great Britain and the United States of America, was *RATIFIED* yeſterday, by the Senate of the United States.

We hear that the following officers of the French Republic were recognized by the Preſident of the United States : viz.

Citizen Philippe Joſeph Letomb Conſul General within the United States.

Theodore Charles Mozard—Conſul N. Hampſhire, Maſſachuſetts and R. Iſland.

Jean Antonie Bernard Rozier, Conſul—New-York and New-Jerſey.

Leon Delauny, Conſul—Penſylvania, and Delaware.

Louis Etienne Duhail, Conſul—Maryland.

Wedneſday evening arrived here the American Hero, Capt. Macey, of Hudſon,—44 days from Newry, Ireland, with Four hundred and Seventy nine paſſengers—got out only one day previous to the Proclamation for preventing Artizans and Manufacturers from Emigrating. Every thing was quiet when they ſailed; and no account of a ſecond Engagement in the Mediteranean. The Iriſh papers are as late as the 9th May.

By Capt. Ayſcough of the Matilda, we learn, that all the French Inhabitants of St. Domingo and other Iſlands, were ordered to leave Jamaica; That they had their choice either to return to their former habitations, or take paſſage for the United States.

On the information of a gentleman who came paſſenger in the brig Jack from Port au-Prince, we learn that the Brigands had opened two forts upon the Biceton, but were driven off by the conſtant and unremitted fire of the Britiſh, and that the principal part of them had retired to Leogane—that Gen. Williamſom had iſſued a proclamation on the 26th May, ſequeſtering the plantations and other property belonging to French abſentees—That the produce of this country was low, flour ſelling by the cargo at 12 dollars per barrel.

Extract of a letter from the American Conſul in Nantz, to his friend in Boſton, dated May 2.

"The Emperor of Morocco has at this moment many privateers cruiſing againſt the Americans."

Extract of a letter from Amſterdam, dated 24th April, 1795, to a merchant in Philadelphia.

"The French troops maintain ſtrict diſcipline —perſons of property enjoy lawful protection; and buſineſs, though for ſome months paſt at a ſtand, is now carried on in the uſual manner, payments continuing to be made for all contracts in hard caſh. Moſt articles of conſumption are high in demand. We now flatter ourſelves with the pleaſing hopes of a general Peace."

Extract of a letter from Amſterdam, to a merchant in Philadelphia, dated April 24.

"Theſe circumſtances, added to the flattering proſpect of a general Peace will (as we hope) render trade more lively, and promote a friendly intercourſe with our friends abroad. In fact, the late Treaty of Peace concluded between the king of Pruſſia and the French Republic, ſeems to forebode a general pacification, for Spain it is ſaid will ſoon follow, and it is well known that the Italian States and German Princes are equally deſirous of putting an end to the war. Great Britain muſt neceſſarily be induced to accede to the general pacific views of Europe; France has manifeſtly avowed her deſire of putting an end to this ruinous war.

"And thus we do not think that period far off which is earneſtly to be wiſhed for the good of mankind at large."

PHILADELPHIA, June 20.

Yeſterday evening arrived the Sweediſh brig Des Gluickſtern, Capt. Payets, who informs, that he left Valentia on the 2d April, at which time he heard of no Mooriſh or Algerine cruizers being out; but, on the contrary, has every reaſon to believe that reports of that nature are erroneous. Accounts had reached Valentia from Barcelona, on the day before he ſailed, which mentioned that the French were marching with all their force, within 20 miles of that city.

BOSTON, June 22.

Ill-"Legal" and Haſty "Adjudication."

Saturday evening, a large concourſe of people aſſembled at the long wharf, in conſequence of a hand-bill iſſued the preceeding afternoon, purporting that a New-Providence or Bermudian privateer was then lying at ſaid wharf. The enraged multitude, having aſcertained the fact, deſired the Captain and crew to leave the ſloop, which was ſoon complied with; they then proceeded to examine and found ſeveral carriage guns, ſhot, ſmall arms, cutlaſſes, and other warlike implements, which they threw overboard. This diſcovery exaſperated them to ſuch a degree that they diſmantled and diſmaſted her—they then towed the hull from the wharf, and ſet fire to it. The tide carried it as far as Charleſtown, where it "burned down to the water's edge."

[In conſequence of the above tranſaction, the Governor has iſſued a proclamation, for apprehending the perpetrators thereof.]

FREDERICK-TOWN, May 29.

A very diſtreſſing circumſtance took place in this town on Friday laſt: A negro boy, belonging to this town, about 14 or 15 years old, being ſent to a gunſmith's with a pair of piſtols to be repaired, unluckily fell in with a number of perſons on the ſquare, with whom he entered into converſation: after ſome time, he was obſerved to be enraged, by his frequently aiming of the the piſtols at ſeveral perſons who ſtood by.—He was entreated to deſiſt, and to fulfil his errand, but ſeemed to pay no attention. Fully determined to commit murder, he turned himſelf about, and without uttering a word, diſcharged one of the piſtols, the contents of which paſſed through the head of Miſs Polly Hardman, daughter of Mr. Joſeph Hardman of this town, who inſtantly expired.

To add to the diſtreſſing tale, the innocent and unfortunate girl, though but 15 years of age, was the only ſupport of her aged parents.

A jury of inqueſt was held on Tueſday laſt, after an accurate examination of a number of witneſſes, gave in their verdict, that "Polly Hardman was wilfully murdered."

FOURTH of JULY.

A Tranſparent Painting will be exhibited on the evening of the Fourth of July, at No. 75, Pearl-ſtreet. Suitable to that MEMORABLE ÆRA.

☞ Stackhouſe's Hiſtory of the BIBLE, an elegant folio edition with Plates, for Sale at this Office.

Court of Hymen.

MARRIED

On Sunday the 14th inſt. at New-Town, by the Rev. Mr. Hammell, Mr. BASIL J. BARTOW, to Miſs ELIZA A. HONEYWELL—both of Weſt-Cheſter.

On Friday the 19th inſt. at Catts-Kill, by the Rev. Dr. Gardner, AUGUSTUS SACKETT, Eſq. of this city, to Miſs MINERVA CAMP, daughter of the late Doctor Eliſha Camp, of Catts-Kill.

On Monday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr. M'Combs, Capt. EBENEZER ROSSETER, to Mrs. NANCY KING—both of this city.

On Tueſday evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr. Livingſton, PETER DELABIGARIE, Eſq. to Miſs MARGARET BEEKMAN, daughter of Gerard William Beekman, Eſq. deceaſed—all of this city.

On Wedneſday evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. PETER DUSTON, merchant, to Miſs SARAH GIDNEY—both of this city.

Mr. *Hallam*'s Benefit.

THEATRE.

Poſitively the laſt Night of Performing this Seaſon.

Mr. Hallam's Night having failed by the inclemency of the weather, he once more reſpectfully ſolicits the Patronage of the Public.

This Evening, will be preſented, a DRAMATIC PIECE, called,

A School for Soldiers:

Or, The DESERTER.

In Act 4th.

A GRAND MILITARY PROCESSION,

To the Execution of the DESERTER.

End of the Play, Mr. Hallam will ſpeak an Epilogue. A Satire on *Every Body*, without offence to *Any Body*, in the character of NO BODY.

After which will be Preſented a Pantomimical Interlude, in one act, called, The

ELOPEMENT.

To which will be added a Muſical Entertainment, called, The

Children in the Wood.

§ The Ventilator will be up, for the purpoſe of keeping the Houſe cool.

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June 27. 72 1m.

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June 13. 70—

Court of Apollo.

WHEN WHISTLING WINDS ARE HEARD TO BLOW
[A NEW SONG.]

WHEN whiſtling winds are heard to blow,
In tempeſts o'er the earth,
The ſeaman's oft daſh'd to and fro,
Yet cheerly takes his birth:
And as he fearleſs mounts the ſhrouds,
Awhile the veſſel ſwings,
The ſkies are mantled o'er with clouds,
The gallant ſailor ſings:
'Tis pretty Poll and honeſt Jack,
My girl and friend on ſhore,
Will hail me at returning back,
So let the billows roar.

When bending o'er the rocky yard,
While ſeas in mountains riſe,
He takes a ſpell however hard,
And danger ne'er deſies:
The ſtorm once o'er, the gallant tar
Let's fancy freely roam,
And tho' from many a friend afar,
Thus ſings of thoſe at home.
'Tis pretty Poll, &c.

On burning coaſts, or frozen ſeas,
Alike in each extreme,
The gallant ſailor's e'er at eaſe,
And floats with fortune's ſtream:
To love and friendſhip ever true,
He ſteers life's courſe along,
And whereſoever ſailing to,
Fond hope elates his ſong.
'Tis pretty Poll, &c.

ANECDOTE.

A Military gentleman coming to Foote in an elegant new Phæton, at parting deſired Foote would come to the door juſt to look at it: "'Tis a pretty thing," ſaid the ſon of Mars," and I have it on a new plan."—"Before I ſet my eyes on it," ſaid Foote, "my dear friend, I am afraid you have it on the *old plan*— never to pay for it."

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N. B. The ſubſcriber returns his ſincere thanks to thoſe Ladies who has been pleaſed to favour him with their cuſtom and hopes for a continuance of the ſame.

72—4w.

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New-York, June 6. 69—6w

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